

Deacon Davenport was a man who impressed me with his dignity and responsibility. What he did could not be questioned because the law as laid down in the book was thus and so.

Deacon Davenport was a man whom everybody respected as it was easy for us boys to see he lived as the law dictated. As his words were governed by the law so was his life. He was a godly man and his words and actions always showed his reverence for the Great Creator.

Squire West was a great reader and probably the most scholarly of any of the early settlers. He was somewhat of a Dr. and I can remember his old fashioned turn keys with which he pulled teeth. I am of the opinion that he very often broke the jaws of his patients. The characteristic of Squire West was his New England thrift. He was never known to forget to save. It is told that when butter was low he would tell his household they must butter thin as they must sell all the butter they could to get money and when butter was high they must butter thin as they must sell as they could while times were good. We may laugh at the thrift of these olden times, but it was New England thrift that has built our railroads and cities and provided the money to make the wheels go around so that the common people would have work and food.

Alva Norton was one of the original settlers, and was well known in the community as he was not noted for keeping his opinions to himself and was rather radical and prided himself on being a first comer, was not on very friendly terms with some other residents of the place. He was a greater reader and talker than he was a worker. He was not a believer in team work unless he was the team and driver. He was a good man as far as his character was concerned. He was the land surveyor for the community and knew all the corners of the farms and able to settle many questions relating to land lines.

Sylvester North was our near neighbor for years. He was a man everybody liked and he made his home and farm by the work of his own hands. I can well remember when he was telling us boys how worthless and shiftless we were, his eyes would twinkle and he would tell us to go home and go to work. As a boy I often went to his home to dig horse radish and I think Mr. North's words about people and general affairs were somewhat like horse radish, they gave spice and flavor to the life of the settlement. He was ever ready to help anyone in trouble and always carried a hoe when on the highways and for years kept the loose stones out of the roads.